

HOW TO MAKE LOVE
In Six Easy Lessons



HOW TO MAKE LOVE

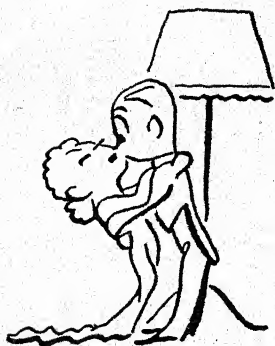
In Six Easy Lessons

by

ROBIN WISE

Professor of the Art of Loving

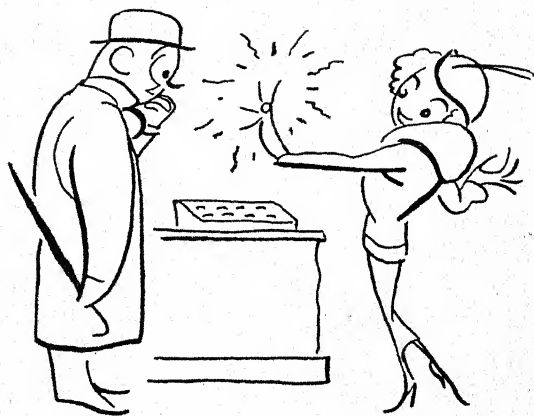
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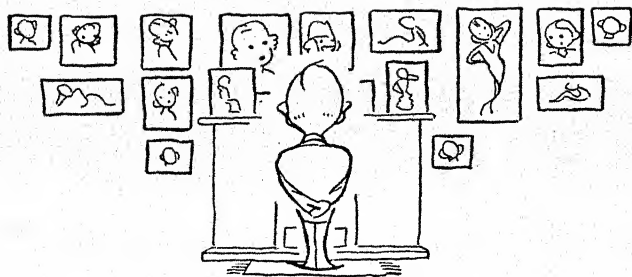
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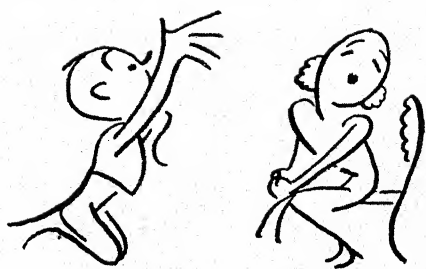


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PREFACE

It is with no inconsiderable pride that the Professor offers this little manual to the public.

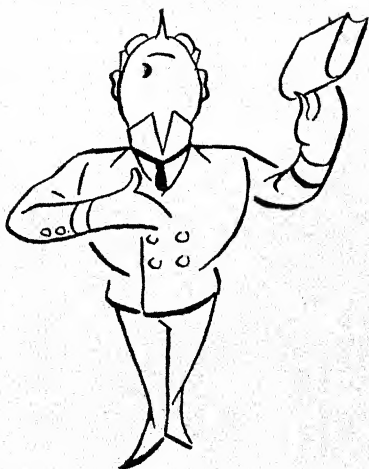
His pride is based on the conviction that a study of the truths it contains will rid the student of a grave hindrance to his or her aesthetic development — inability to make love in a becoming and acceptable manner.

No male or female of the human species exists who is without the desire to be loved.

It is the intensity of the desire which most frequently reacts against its fulfilment.

The male in his complacency is so bemused with being loved that he forgets to love—in which the female assists him by being so ready to love that she frequently becomes unlovable.

In bygone days the modest maid with a sweet and



It is with no inconsiderable pride that the Professor offers this little manual to the public

PREFACE



THE MAID OF OLD
PRAYED FOR LOVE



TO-DAY SHE PREYS
FOR IT

trustful simplicity prayed for love. Her more sophisticated modern counterpart preys for it.

It is, then, no matter for wonder that the modern male, astonished and alarmed that his role has been changed from that of the hunter to the hunted, should retire within himself for contemplation—and introspective contemplation is fatal to the irresponsibility that enters into love-making in its most delightful form.

Not that the irresponsibility should endure perpetually. The chief end of love-making, it is only right to make clear at the outset, is marriage, and the marriage which fails to cure irresponsibility is not the end of love-making, but the beginning of divorce.

It must be stated that man, in believing that his role has been changed from that of the hunter to the hunted, is deluding himself. He has been the hunted since he was chased out of the Garden of Eden, but rarely before in the history of the world has his ignominious position been so manifest as today. He has merely to take the same girl twice to

PREFACE

the local cinema for the horn to be sounded. Then he must decide quickly whether or not he will allow the hunt to result in a "kill".

The cause of this deplorable militation against irresponsible love-making is easily discernible. In



In Britain there are a million or so more women than men

Britain alone there are a million or so more women than men—every one of them eager for a male to call her own. Somebody is bound to go without the rare possession, and every woman is determined, with the help of her Maker and the beauty specialists who duly improve on His work, that it won't be she.

Thus it is that while more caution is shewn today by man in his love-making, less is shewn by woman in hers. It is a pity.

It is a pity, and it is the purpose of this treatise to make clear that it need not be so.

PREFACE



*Play pleasantly with
love*

The Professor will demonstrate how it is possible to play pleasantly with love without either getting burnt or acquiring cold feet in the process. With this knowledge—gained at the price of much dangerous experience—there can be no doubt that the world will become a happier place if merely because of the fact that its “surplus” females may share in the more widespread love-making that is likely to ensue.



Considering the material

LESSON I

CONSIDERING THE MATERIAL

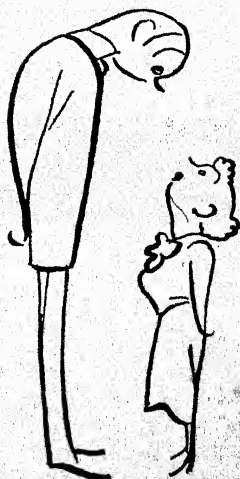
At the commencement it is necessary to consider the object on which it is desired to expend the love.

Will he or she be short or tall, fat or thin, jolly or glum, bookish or sporting, pretty or plain? The world is so full of variety that some preliminary consideration and instruction are essential.

Let us consider the man's case first.

His own stature should determine whether he would prefer his *inamorata* to be short or tall. He will not object to a short girl looking up to him, but he will, unless he is commercially minded and wants a lot for his money, object to a tall girl looking down on him.

A plump girl usually is placid; a thin—or shall we

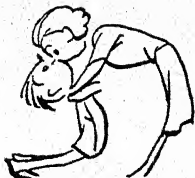


A short girl looking up to him

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THE PLUMP
GIRL



THE THIN
GIRL



THE BOOKISH
GIRL

say slender—girl not infrequently is passionate. A girl who turns her toes in is almost invariably very passionate.

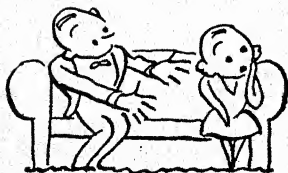
Very little of the jolly girl sometimes goes a long way. She frequently is a very hearty eater with an inconsequent desire for delicacies out of season, and puts an alarming strain on the petty cash. Further, her sense of humour is prone to reveal man to her as the ludicrous creature he often is—and the Professor would warn his pupils that lovers are terribly sensitive. This aspect of the jolly girl may account in some measure for the otherwise incomprehensible popularity of the glum girl. The glum girl casts a gloom all around her, and gloom is always propitious to love-making. Also, the glum girl never tells.

The Professor recalls a man who devoted several years of his life to the effort of cheering up a glum girl whom he loved. Day in, day out, he wooed and caressed her, but, while she welcomed his attentions, no flicker of a smile ever lightened the heavy gloom that appeared to have permanently settled on her countenance. Often he wondered if she harboured a funny-bone somewhere, but so far as he could discover she appeared to be filleted. He became obsessed; his sole aim in life was to make his sweetheart smile.

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THE JOLLY
GIRL

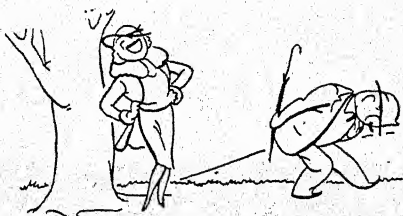


THE SLOW
GIRL



THE GLUM
GIRL

It happened that one day he chanced to repeat to her that old and innocuous limerick which begins : "There was a young lady named Hopper"—whereat she began to laugh as though she would never stop.



The man was broken-hearted at his success

The man was broken-hearted at his success. His sweetheart's one charm had departed, so there was nothing for him but to follow suit. They saw each other no more, and the Professor has no doubt the girl is today even more glum than formerly, and knows better than ever to smile again.

The fast girl carries with her one definite advantage—the going is generally good. It's the coming



The going is generally good

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back that is difficult. If she is too fast there is a danger of overrunning the preconceived destination, for a really fast girl will stop at nothing.

Of the slow girl it is well to remember that she doesn't always stay slow. She can change speed when required. It will be remembered that in the fable the tortoise outstripped the hare, and in this connection the slow girl is able to display herself to as great advantage as any of her sex.



An interesting study

The bookish girl makes an interesting study—so much can be gauged of her character from the literature she favours. If it be periodic fiction—*Three Weeks, Five Nights, Six Days*—she is worth cultivating merely for similar periods, the period to be chosen according to predilection, especially as she is nearly always akin to the heroines she adores—nearly, but not quite.

But if she dabbles in deeper stuff, she is intelligent enough to prefer love-making to books any old day for any old period if only the love is made with the skill requisite to appeal to a cultured mind.

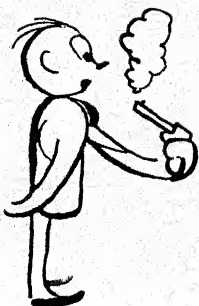
Once there was a bookish girl who was wooed by a suitor who professed insinuatingly a great fondness for certain passages in Rabelais, Boccaccio, and Queen Margaret of Navarre. To this low-minded fellow the maiden replied austere that her own favourite piece of literature, which she frequently reread, was Montaigne's essay *Upon Some Verses of Virgil*. Subdued by such highbrowism, and overwhelmed by the thought that such evidence of love of

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

literature for literature's sake could only denote the futility of further advances, the base rascal withdrew for ever from chaste maiden's ken. A year later he chanced to read the essay *Upon Some Verses of Virgil*. Mortification speedily set in.

The sporting girl is—often very muscular.

As for the pretty girl and the plain girl, the latter can be dismissed from consideration, as really she does not exist. All girls are pretty while they are being made love to. The thought of being in love or of being loved brings an illuminating



*Mortification speedily
set in*



*All girls are pretty while they are
being made love to*

beauty to the homeliest countenance. So it follows that to write of the pretty girl as though she were a creature apart would not only be inaccurate but would be insulting to the sex.

There are other outstanding types of femininity to be considered, but these the Professor will take in his stride. In the meantime he would sound a warning, especially to the male, to beware of the type

HOW TO MAKE LOVE



A public mannequin

who is continually displaying the latest vanities and who is such a slave to fashion that its every edict is obeyed by her. She is not so much a woman as a public mannequin.

Beware, too, of the girl who shews a fondness for cocktails—although here a reminder may be made to the girl with intelligence never to discourage (before marriage) drinking in moderation by a man. "Inspiring bold John Barleycorn" has been responsible for many a chime of wedding-bells, even though it is necessary to deplore the modern tendency to call later and apologize for proposing under his influence.

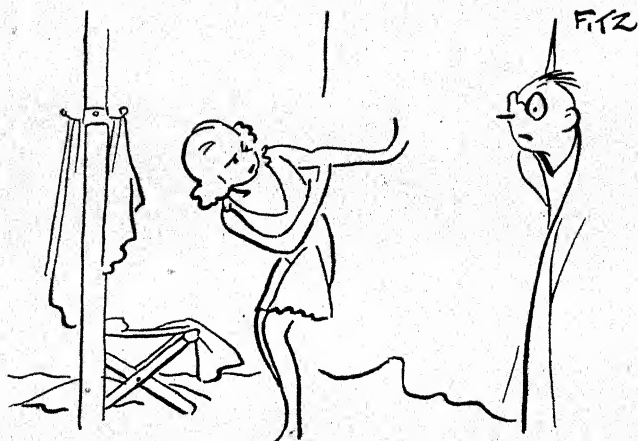
No girl with a past can hold the same fascination for the earnest male connoisseur as the girl whose past is still in the future. The last-named is the virgin page of the world's greatest love-story, and he is the man who may one day write it.

It is one of life's minor phenomena that every modest girl is knock-kneed, but, revealing though present-day fashions are, it usually is necessary to apply some test other than visual to discover the possession of this virtue. Let us take an example.

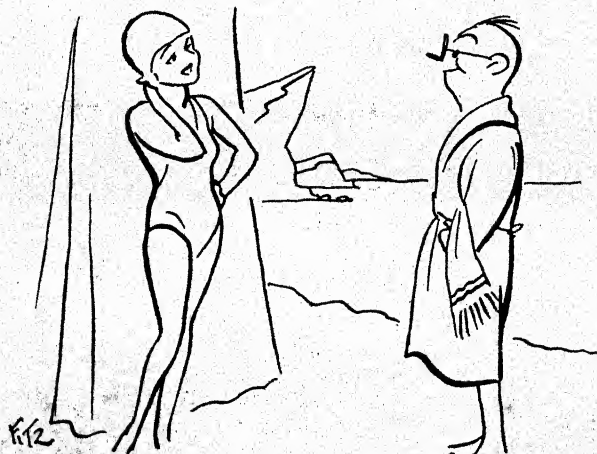
The Professor at a seaside resort in France once knocked at the door of a bathing-box in which was a girl with whom he was going swimming. "You can't come in," she cried in alarm. "I'm still in dishabille. Wait till I put on my bathing-suit."

By subsequent investigation he discovered that the dishabille consisted of cami-knickers, voluminous and entirely discreet, reaching almost to her dimpled

HOW TO MAKE LOVE



SHOCKING!



QUITE PROPER!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

knees. It was more adequate than many an evening gown. The bathing-suit, on the other hand, began late and finished early, revealing every line and aspect of her lithe figure. Now, that was a modest girl.

Let us now consider the female's case.

Very little study of available material is required as far as she is concerned. She, in thinking of the



Any son of Adam

man she wants to call her own, has no need to bother about niceties. Any son of Adam she can mould more or less to her desires. It is true she cannot make a short man tall, but she can, if her tastes are expensive, achieve the reverse process. A fat man she can worry thin ; a thin man she can pamper to obesity.

With her peculiar influence she can, if she likes, make the jolly man glum ; the morose man ready to shake his sides at her feeblest witticism, hopeful, maybe, to die of laughing. The slow man and the fast each has a speed-gear she can adjust to her own satisfaction. She, truly, is the destiny that shapes man's trends, subdue them how he may.

But, although she can shape any man more or less to her liking, the trouble involved is occasionally too great.

If she is sensible she will have no truck with the male who leads her to a shop window full of lingerie and remarks, "I'd love to see you in that pink set there." He is, no doubt, quite sincere in what he says : he really would like to see her in that pink

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set there, but at that point his sincerity bows and retires—he would never have the slightest desire to see her every morning facing him across the breakfast-table as his lawful wife. He is in search of stolen sweets. He believes they are the most honeyed, and thinks they are the cheapest.

Another annoying infliction is the poetic young man. He usually is more in love with the idea of his being in love than with the legitimate object of it. He is given to expounding theories, one of his favourites being that anticipation is better than realization—which, for any girl who possesses an inquiring turn of mind, is a cold philosophy.

These few preliminary truths and odd examples considered, the love-seeker may fittingly draw up a mental specification of the partner desired.

The callow youth almost certainly will aspire to a dream-girl, combining the spiritual excellencies of a madonna with the material delights of a complete harem. She will be all the heroines of history in one, spiced with the diablerie of the great coquettes whose names for hundreds of years have been spoken by mankind with egotistical appreciation. She will be chaste as Diana ; wanton as Ninon de l'Enclos. She will be all this, and she will be able to darn socks.

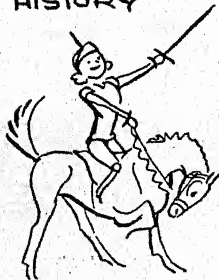


The poetic young man

HOW TO MAKE LOVE



SHE
WILL
BE ALL
THE
HEROINES OF
HISTORY



IN ONE



AND BE ABLE
TO DARN SOCKS

We will leave that young man to his search.

The Professor will now suppose that the intelligent male student has conceived mentally exactly what he wants in femininity. He would advise him to forget it. The quest of the Impossible She is the most futile pastime in which man can engage. The male student should early reconcile himself to the fact that the girl he will get and be quite happy with will be totally different from the one he imagines that he wants. But this should damp his ardour not at all.

One of the first rules to be learned in the art of love is that the next-best is almost invariably the just-as-good. Dr. Johnson has adumbrated this truth in his famous dictum that a man can be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as in those of a duchess.

So if "the eager hope man sets his heart upon" fails to prosper, what boots it? A fig for vain regrets! Let him cultivate George Wither's manly heart :

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Shall I wasting in despair
Die because a woman's
fair ?

Or make pale my cheeks
with care
'Cause another's rosy
are ?

Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in
May,

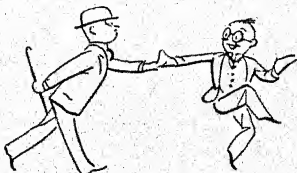
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she
be !



And it is the glorious luck of love that he will likely discover that the next-best is not the just-as-good, but more than likely the better.

Brought down to bedrock, what the man wants is a fair ration of wholesome loving girl. If he will continue in the Professor's company he will find her waiting for him some pages further on, whither she departed a few hundred words back, for she has an amused lack of interest in the male's impossible aspirations. She in her native wisdom is already aware that her wants are simple : she merely desires a knobbly-knuckly he-man, plastic to her influence. She does not worry beforehand about the small question of looks and tastes. She knows that they will discover at least one taste in common when they put their lips together.

So the male may now hasten forward on his joyous quest for the Right Girl. He may carry a light heart, assume a glad irresponsibility, for with the Professor by his side no perils will befall him from which he may not escape.



With the Professor by his side



LESSON II

GATHERING THE MATERIAL

UNLIKE most sports, love-making has no close season, the generally accepted classic evidence being the fisherman's reply to Aristophanes when that gentleman asked him what they did in the winter. Certainly the poet has suggested—almost insisted—that spring has a specific influence on Cupid's efforts, but this theory was merely evolved to explain the sudden springtime spate of countless courting couples in the countryside. The poet's attempt to "blame the weather" is barely justified. Any time's kissing time, even although each time has a flavour peculiar to the season.

Thus, the springtime kiss should never—well, hardly ever—be passionate: it should merely be the promise of better kisses in store. A summertime kiss should be sure and full-flavoured: rich, not heady. Opulency should be reserved for autumnal oscula-



The winter kiss

tions, when Nature herself has lost her chaste austerity and grown a trifle florid and *fadée*. It is in winter that the kiss calls for the greatest art and abandon: when lips are

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

cold and require to be made warm to communicate their warmth to other regions of the kissed. A fool may kiss in the spring-time and catch the pleasures of paradise : in winter (if he be a fool) he may catch nothing more pleasant than influenza.

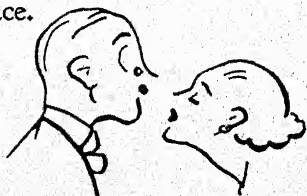


Influenza

Despite the fact that modern youth is generally in too great a hurry to bother about acquiring proficiency in anything, it sometimes does creep in, and students are warned against demonstrating too great a mastery.

Those with whom the Professor is concerned will, of necessity, first secure the material they mean to kiss—a preliminary that presents no great difficulty in these free and easy days.

The methods to be adopted vary only in detail according to circumstances. There are times when the material frankly offers itself—at parties, during At Homes, and at functions of a similar nature, functions which were invented purely for the benefit of designing members of both sexes. In such cases the student has but to scent the battle from afar and give thanks to *le bon Dieu* that the world is such a wonderful place.

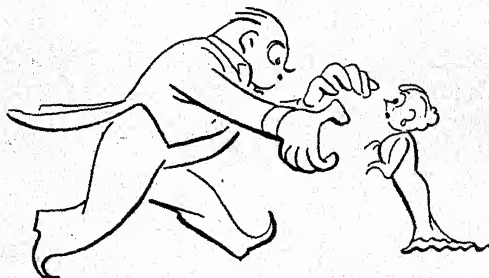


The world's such a wonderful place

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Obviously, unless a prolonged wooing be intentionally undertaken, it must be that any reflex amorous action is favourable at the commencement. Like happily calls to like in a surprising degree, psychologically as well as physically, for albeit it has been remarked that frequently very small men marry very large women, and *vice versa*, it requires only a little reflection to realize that this does not happen so often as implied. Simply it is that when such *mésalliances* do occur they attract widespread attention.

The small man is generally regarded by the large woman with contempt. He, in turn, considers a large woman as something of an enormity, and unless he is of a perverse type will treat her with that studied politeness which is anathema to all femininity when it comes from the opposite sex. In the same



A violent desire to have and to hold a tiny woman

strain of perversion a very large man may conceive a violent desire to have and to hold a tiny woman.

These examples are, however, exceptions. Generally in the *coup d'œil* affairs of which the Professor writes, no love-seeker seriously will consider any

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

object as the possible source of that love if the said object does not more or less conform to his or her own type. Especially so and more necessarily, as was pointed out previously, does this apply to the male.

One or two present-day writers have managed to work up a reputation for wit and wisdom by standing facts on their heads and presenting them as truths. But in stating that these papers are intended mainly for the male student the Professor merely expresses a patent actuality. The female requires little instructing—should she find anything lacking in the pages devoted to her, she has merely to scan the others.

His material perceived, then, and presumably at the house of a friend, the student has nothing to do but, throughout the evening, pay her a little more attention than would be usual or necessary had he no ulterior motive. He should endeavour to divine her various interests in life, flitting lightly from one topic to the other, touching on sport, music, drama, literature, and art, not omitting "The Movies", and as she shews herself bored or excited by his discourse, so proceed. Clearly there is nothing to be gained by his carrying on an "intelligent conversation" should he discover that she thinks Cézanne, Debussy, Proust, and Brieux are the names of various foreign motor-cars or cheeses; he should immediately readjust his ideas and prattle diligently and at once of more mundane matters.



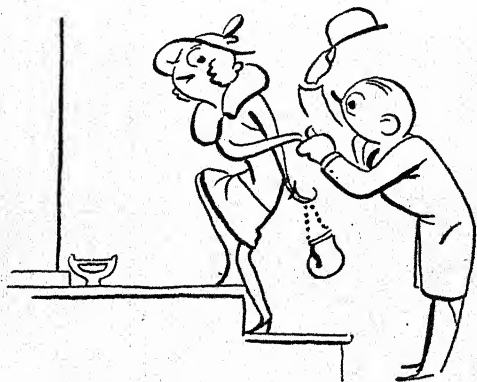
Intelligent conversation

It may be that he will find that although she does

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

not know what he is talking about, yet she evinces a desire for him to keep on talking. This may be because she is thinking of the man she's dining with the following night, and doesn't want her train of thought interrupted by having to speak herself; but more likely she is just as eager to make a good impression on him as he is on her. Therefore and by all means he should redouble his efforts; the material is being nicely gathered.

Subsequently he may request permission to call on her at some near-future date, and on taking leave may allow a silly look to appear in his eyes, while



While pressing her hand significantly

pressing her hand significantly. This last, provided it is not overdone, is of great importance.

Here the Professor may fitly sound a note of warning.

At the present time, with feminine fashions as they are, it is positively startling to make use of

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

the once greatly favoured phrase, "I hope to see more of you soon." Many a promising romance has been nipped in the bud through this seeming gourmandise of a would-be suitor.

It is not given to everyone to find the material so ready to hand, of course, but there is no need for despondency in this. There are mixed clubs to join, subscription dances to go to, promenades to walk along. No minute passes that does not hold opportunities for the earnest love-student to turn to good account. At work or play the material is ever present.

At work, since nowadays the industrial mart is open to both sexes. Many a girl who learns shorthand and typing does so not because she considers these qualifications the first step towards business success but because she considers them the first step towards matrimony. She walks up to the city in order to walk down the aisle. The most successful march she can step to in life is Mendelssohn's. (It may amaze the reader to learn that those recurring outcries about women supplanting men in their jobs are engineered by women—they grudge their working sisters their hymeneal opportunities. The campaign of a generation or two ago against barmaids was solely inspired by jealousy—the barmaid was grudged her unexcelled matrimonial agency.)

So it happens that every day there occurs some romance of industry which goes unchronicled in the



*First step towards
matrimony*

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

Press except for the few lines that appear under the marriage announcements. Seek, therefore, for material in the office, workshop, or sale-room.

If it be not available in the student's own office, workshop, or sale-room, still there is no cause for despair. Let him or her meet it elsewhere. It may even present itself in the restaurant where the student goes daily to lunch. He—chivalrously the Professor will place the onus on the male—perceives a lady seated in solitary state (that phrase was bound to creep in soon or later, but the copyright has long since expired) at the adjoining or other table, toying with soup. He admires her profile, still more for the fact that she absorbs



Lady seated in solitary state

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

her soup inaudibly even when the Broadway Melodists from the Mile End Road are playing pianissimo. He manages to catch her eye once or twice and permits the suspicion of a smile to flit round his mouth. The instant their eyes meet he must look away. He need not be dismayed by the look of hauteur on the lady's face.

Next day he is at his customary seat. The lady reappears at hers, and there is a repetition of the by-play. The same procedure is followed for a few more days, and then one day the student should arrive a few minutes earlier than usual and venture to seat himself at the lady's table before she comes on the scene. The moment of her arrival is the crucial one. If, when she sees him, she ostentatiously makes her way to another table, he should hurriedly finish his lunch and "beat it", as they say in the States. The die is cast and he has been cast with it.

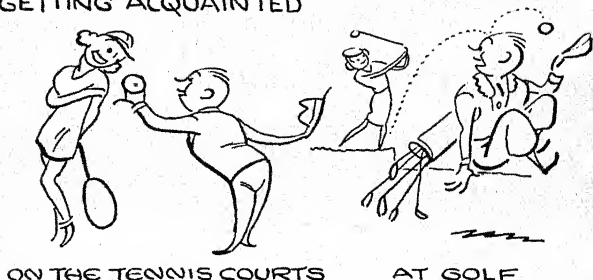
If, however, he has been skilfully discreet in his preliminary advances, it is tolerably certain that the lady will occupy her customary seat. The student should display no jubilation—either untoward or otherwise. He must at all hazards maintain frigid silence until the moment arrives when he may pass the salt—and the chemical action of salt on ice is notorious. He may then sail ahead.

Similarly in tube, bus, train—every schoolboy knows what happened "Riding Down to Bangor"—at the band, at the tennis courts, on the golf course—everywhere, in short, opportunities occur hourly for "getting acquainted".

"Getting acquainted" is a term frequently de-euphemized in the blunt expression, "picking up". The phrase generally is used in contemptuous fashion,

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"GETTING ACQUAINTED"



but those who so use it forget that all sex acquaintanceships are more or less "picked up". The operation varies but slightly in every walk of life. It is a question of degree. The fact that a couple are formally introduced to each other is no guarantee of anything that may happen. Only early-Victorian relics could have the parboiled obstinacy nowadays to hold forth hotly on "the deep damnation of their picking-up—or getting off". As well assert that marriage at the registrar's is not as respectable as a ceremony in the cathedral.



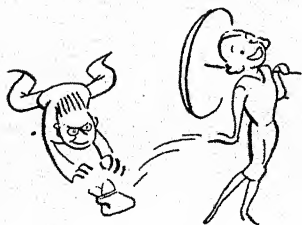
Only early-Victorian relics

Not so long ago a learned judge gave the ruling in Court that for a person of one sex to speak to one of the other without having been previously introduced is no crime. The echo of the cheers that greeted this pronouncement did not die down for weeks. Of course, as in all other fields of endeavour, "It all depends on how it's done."

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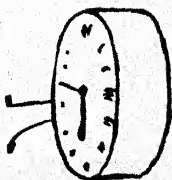


IN THE TUBE



AT THE SEASIDE

In every city, town, or village there is some popular rendezvous ranging from under the clock in the city station to "outside the post-office" in the village. It is a good plan for students who do not have the commercial opportunities already outlined, or who indulge in a "stand-up" bun and milk in preference to sitting in restaurants, to take up his or her stance at such a point occasionally. Soon or later the male student may perceive a delectable damsel hovering near.



As a definite hour arrives and passes—say seven o'clock—he will make frequent irritable references to his wrist-watch. He will observe that the lady has begun to do the same. She also is evidently waiting for someone. He will then begin to pace up and down, nonchalantly at first, but eventually with the jerky steps



Under the clock

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of the disappointed man. He will notice that the lady's foot is beating a tattoo where she stands.

At this point he will assume his first position a few yards away, but in the same latitudinal line so that he may not miss a sudden glance. When at last this happens he will turn as if to go away, but in the very act of turning he will suddenly stop and look at her again as if an interesting thought had just entered his head. She, of course, will by now be looking straight in front of her. He will allow a few moments to elapse, and then just as she seems to move off he will approach and, raising his hat, endeavour to project the brand of smile known as



The brand of smile known as ingratiating

ingratiating. If his effort does not throw her into a spasm of laughter, the following conversation—or something along the same lines—will ensue. His initial remark will be :

"Forgive my apparent rudeness, but are you waiting for someone?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am, but he seems to have been detained. But why should you ask?"

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"Frankly—curiosity, because as it happens my appointment has not materialized either, so as we are comrades in distress I wonder if we couldn't console each other—I assure you I'm the very essence of discretion."

"You needn't sin your soul, as I have enough discretion for two. But, in any case, as I don't know you, I couldn't think of it."

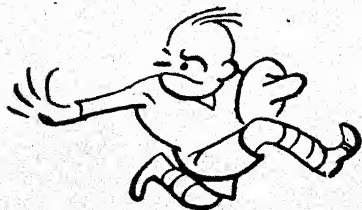
"If that means that you don't want to—is that it?"

"No-o-o-o, I couldn't be so rude as——"

"Then let me give you dinner, and I'll promise you you'll soon get to know me."

The mere fact that the lady exchanged a single word is sufficient. She capitulates and the material is gathered. She knows that he is a liar, although a convincing one—that he had no appointment with anyone. But in all probability neither had she, and she is quite content to watch him swell his manly chest with complacent pride of conquest.

On the subject of personal appearance, let it be stated that your strong, silent man usually is found to be a damned dull dog, and of little social use other than to play forward at rugby football or to fill the



Rugby football

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post of chucker-out, despite the efforts of ignorant women writers to demonstrate the contrary. As lovers the middle-weight, or even the light-weight, possess more power of entertainment. Nor do women succumb at sight to the ruddy-cheeked Hercules. Your mentor was struck vividly by that fact once when staying on the South Coast.

A young friend of the large robust brand complained bitterly that never once on the Front had he had one single encouraging glance. He spent a week indoors with "flu" and came out looking "rotten", yet in one stroll he got enough encouragement to have kept him busy for years. One of the oncoming Circes was known to the Professor, who asked the reason for the suddenly awakened interest. "Oh, he looked so pale and interesting," he was told.



Pale and interesting

In all circumstances the student must cultivate dis-

cretion and diplomacy.

Diplomacy can succeed where good looks and a bank balance fail.

The Professor has in mind a young man who chanced one morning in his hotel to burst into a bathroom, to find it occupied by a lady who had forgotten to bolt the door. She was in the bath. The alert youth took in the situation at a glance. One glance was all that he allowed himself, then quickly, but with no trace of embarrassment, he

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"I'm so sorry, sir"

said clearly, "I'm so sorry, sir, I had no idea the room was occupied," then retired, closing the door quietly. So charmed was the lady—who also was charming—that at the first opportunity she hastened to renew the acquaintanceship; and the Professor has reason to know that neither ever regretted it.

But there is a clumsy diplomacy as well as an adroit. For example:

A youth had an appointment "under the clock". It was his second meeting only, so he was anticipating it keenly and should have been content; but he was susceptible, and when, as the minute-hand crawled past the hour and his *inamorata* had not materialized, a positively entrancing vision of some seventeen summers sauntered past, regarding him with an *r.s.v.p.* eye, his male egoism swelled as he reflected on his devastating effect on the fair sex. A hasty survey assured him that his "lady-friend" was not in sight. He hastened to speak to the vision entrancing.

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Some seventeen summers

She didn't seem to mind. Soon they were exchanging banter so engrossing that he quite failed to notice the approach of the girl he was there to meet. It was only when she stood at his side that he realized her presence. He was for a moment disconcerted. Whether his youthful charmer was or not he never discovered, either then or after—but she glanced at the new arrival and bolted.

"Smart child," thought the culprit. "She knows what's what." Recovering, he turned to the other and smiled brightly, saying, "You're a little late, I think."

"Yes, but that didn't seem to be worrying you."

"Oh, that," he replied airily. "That was my kiddy sister."

"Indeed," she said, in a tone that would have made a Polar bear shudder.

"Good lord," he continued in an aggrieved tone, "don't you believe that she's my young sister?"

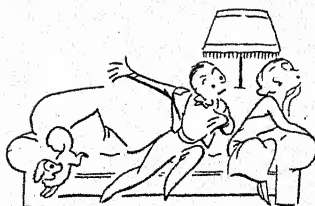
"She may be," came the reply; "although it's difficult to follow—because, you see, she happens to be mine."

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The student who has come so far in his reading, and taken to heart the wise counsel given, should have no difficulty in gathering with comparative ease and freedom from risk the necessary material for pursuing his excursions in love-making. When the material is gathered—and, naturally, the student must provide his own: he can't, even if a Scotsman, expect *that* for five shillings—he will learn precisely what to do with it if he continues under the Professor's guidance. Yet caution must be counselled, and students are reminded that, while faint heart never won fair lady, an over-bold heart may win a thick ear.



Win a thick ear



LESSON III

HANDLING THE MATERIAL

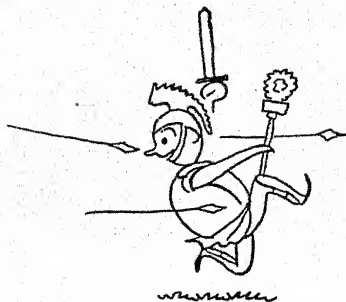
THE material secured, the first consideration, and the harder part, is to keep it so. Ask any of your millionaire friends, and he will tell you that it is easier to make money than to keep it.

In the case of the female, she will find that the best way to hang on to the male is to affect not to do so. Although, as the Professor already has declared, it is the female who actually is the hunter, the male likes to think that Nature has assigned this role to him.

He is deluding himself, of course, but the female will find it advisable to let him continue to hug his delusion. The more he hugs the delusion, the more he will want to hug her. Accordingly, as time goes on, both parties will be satisfied.

In actual love-making the female's chief function is to stimulate the male—to allure, like Goldsmith's parson, to better worlds and point the way. She triumphs oftenest by emulating Fabius, that wily old Roman who won his battles by retreating. The male, it is true, may make love in his own particular

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By retreating

fashion, but the fervour of the love-making and the immediate motive behind it are under her control. His advances are regulated by her retreats. When the advances become too bold it is because she is not retreating ; she is meeting him half-way.

There are times when her surrender is woman's greatest victory, but such cases the Professor does not care to discuss here. He is concerned only with the average female, who wisely is not gambler enough to risk her happiness on one throw. For such as she, the defence of retreat is the best and safest method of attack.

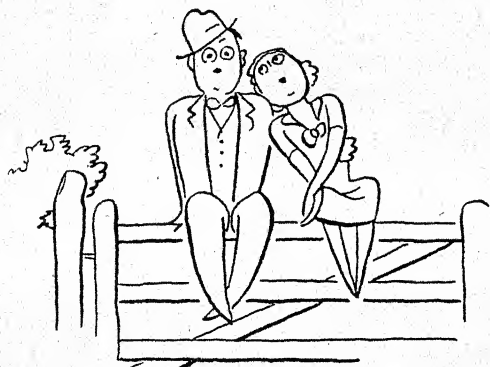


Surrender is woman's greatest victory

She should never be so frank as to reveal herself completely (the Professor refers, of course, to spiritual self-revelation) ; she should seek never to be wholly understood—for if any man ever wholly

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understood a woman he would never dare marry her—but must strive to remain perpetually a mystery that the male cannot penetrate.



Some men are dense

Naturally, however, she must vary her tactics according to the type of male on whom they are practised. Some men are so dense that their



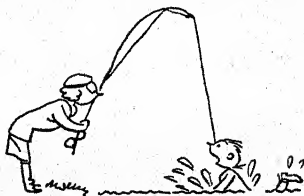
What she tells them not to

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prospects of ever understanding a woman are as slight as the hopes of a dry English summer. They are so dense they cannot understand that a girl may want them to do what she tells them not to. Which makes it very embarrassing for the girl.

Fortunately, there are exceptional cases. The average man is generally curious to discover the stuff a woman is made of, and is pleasantly anxious to embrace her to find out.

When the girl realizes she has provoked the man to this condition of mind, she should play him as carefully as an angler plays a forty-pound salmon, or, like the salmon, he may break the line and escape the gaff.



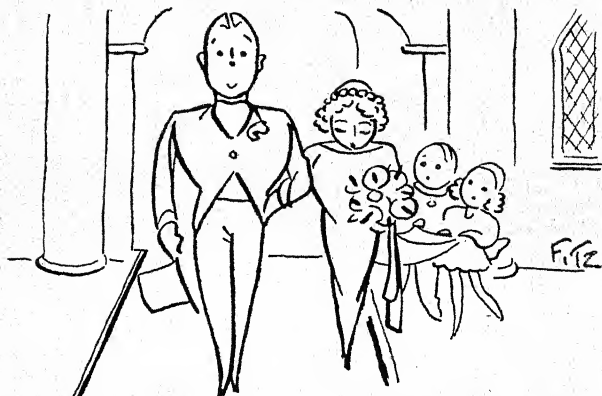
Play him carefully

Above all, she should never let him suspect she is anxious to land him. That way she cheapens herself hopelessly in his eyes.

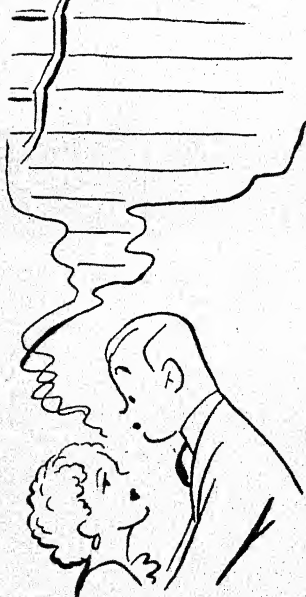
For the decent male, however conceited he may be on the surface, is, deep within himself, aware that he is a pretty poor sort of fish. That anyone should be fervently eager to land him betokens a paucity of opportunity that reflects adversely on the angler's lure, and so evokes in him a state of contemplative reasoning. And contemplative reasoning is ever a snag at any stage in the course of true love.

She should wilfully forget the dictum that it is more blessed to give than to receive. She should give nothing until she is sure she will get in return precisely what she wants—or, since the female is naturally avaricious, precisely what is good for her ; in short, a square deal.

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Look in a topper



Never must it be forgotten that the male in his love-making is more immediately practical than the female. His ideas are not so wildly hypothetical. His thoughts may be proceeding in this train: "If I kiss her tenderly tonight, and she doesn't object, I'll kiss her passionately tomorrow; then—who knows?"—whereas hers will have outrun his completely. Already she will be wondering how he would look in a

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topper and morning-coat with her as an ornament on his arm, a bouquet of lilies in her hand. She will be mentally compiling a list of the people she should ask to the wedding.

She must never let him become aware of these thoughts, or he will shy like a colt at the sight of the halter. She must cultivate that fragrant charm of innocence which most surely entices a man into her coils.

Thus, with new material, the female must invariably display herself a complete novice in the art of love-making. Kissed, she should allow only the slightest tremor of the lips to reveal to the manly performer that she is inwardly responsive. She should never commit the *bêtise* of declaring ecstatically, "How delightfully you kiss!" Otherwise, the man may ask, "How do you know?"—or, if he doesn't ask it, he will think it.



"How do you know?"

This reveals one aspect of masculine mentality which cannot be too earnestly commended to woman's attention. While the male can be eminently logical in a purely personal way, taking his fun where he finds it, learning about women from numerous hers, he is childishly eager that every woman he falls in love with should have learnt nothing about man until he himself arrives to provide her with the requisite material for her schooling.

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A great modern poet has pointed the moral in these striking lines :

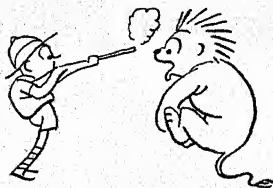


The problem oft has been
propounded :
Erring woman—should
she tell ?
It makes' confusion
worse confounded
If she does—so should
she hell !



At the beginning of the acquaintanceship the woman should listen more than she talks—she will gain more information that way. In any case, the only really important words in her vocabulary are "Yes", "No"—and occasionally "Don't".

It follows, therefore, that the male student who desires to achieve success in his love-making should cultivate a certain fluency of speech. True though it is that "words are women, deeds men", this aspect



Deeds are men

of maleness is better displayed later than soon. There is a time and place for everything. Precipitancy has marred many a good cause.

Some men, the Professor is aware, are singularly

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lacking in the ability to make love verbally ; they grow tongue-tied in the presence of the fair one. To others, again, talking love seems such a foolish proceeding that they cannot bring themselves to indulge in it in cold blood. Accordingly, they are wont to inspire themselves from their phlegmatic



Inspire themselves

state with a couple of generous whiskies-and-sodas just before they set out for the rendezvous.

While admitting that the practice may be essential in certain cases, the Professor strongly deprecates it. The odour of whisky which someone else has consumed is decidedly unpleasant, and mouth-wash or cachous do not destroy it, but merely impose upon it a veneer that soon wears off. The result is that the girl at a certain stage in the evening's happenings begins to wonder if she is being wooed by a man or a distillery.

For those who find it imperative that their tongues should be loosened by alcoholic refreshment, the Professor recommends gin-and-ginger, or, for the more affluent, certain liqueurs, as being decidedly less communicative in aroma.

But that the male's tongue should be loosened,

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especially in the early stages of his love-making, is essential. The spoken word exerts an astounding influence over woman, if it is not spoken too inanely. Thackeray, who was far from being physically prepossessing, once declared that, given the start of half an hour's conversation, he would finish level in the conquest of any woman with the handsomest man on earth.

Even the blatant compliment of an earnest inquiry such as, "Has anyone ever told you what wonderful eyes you've got?" will have its favourable effect. The girl may have most commonplace eyes, in truth, but she realizes that flattery of any sort is in its way a compliment. It at least implies that the man considers it worth his while to flatter her. What she's got to study carefully is why.

Too obvious flattery, of course, is an artistic fault, just as hackneyed comparison of the female's features with natural phenomena is another artistic fault. To



*The prerogative of
mentally deficient
ballad writers*

tell a woman her eyes are like the stars, her mouth like a rosebud, her teeth like pearls, is the prerogative of mentally deficient ballad-writers. The Professor knows a student who adapted and adopted the following passage from Thomas Hardy with such wonderful effect that he became engaged to several girls at once, and enjoyed himself deliriously until his health and his credit broke down :

"Your presence brings memories of such things as Bourbon roses, rubies, and tropical midnights ; your moods recall lotus-eaters and the march in 'Athalie' ;

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your motions the ebb and flow of the sea ; your voice the viola."

Uttered in low, enraptured, passionate tones, this created palpitation even in the case of a girl who could remain unmoved throughout the "Liebestod".

Too flowery language is bad tactics, and the earnest student is frequently prone to go from bad to verse. He shouldn't. Verse should be rigorously eschewed, especially verse of his own composition. It is almost certain to be depressing to the recipient, or treated



In evidence against him

as ludicrous. Furthermore, it is liable to be used in evidence against him.

The Professor recalls one youth, intelligent in other respects, who became enamoured of a woman, to whom he indited a poem, beginning :

"Star of my dreams! You lure me on

To hopes that
are beyond ex-
celling,
So if tonight
you've nothing
on

I'll call to see
you at your
dwelling. . . ."



and was himself called on by her two brothers.

Another ardent youth known to the Professor

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

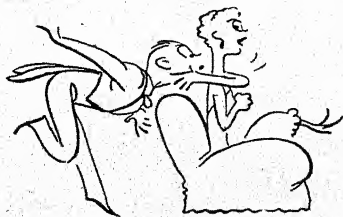
penned a lyric to a girl who was so delightfully eager to receive another that the youth was overjoyed at this evidence of appreciation—until he discovered why she was eager for more. She had submitted his poem to a weekly newspaper which featured a "Poet's Corner", and had had it accepted, receiving in payment half a crown, with which she purchased cigarettes for herself. The poetic youth was naturally hurt by such commercialism, and came to the Professor for sympathy.

"Think of it!" cried the youth. "The outpourings of a poet's loving heart exposed to the gaze of the vulgar mob—and for the utterly inadequate sum of two-and-sixpence."

The only consolation the Professor could offer was that perhaps the poem wasn't worth it. . . .

Consistently the male's attitude towards the female should be one of deference, not of reverence. If he would touch her heart he must first of all learn to touch her body. She has no desire to be treated as a piece of statuary. Here again the male has an opportunity to exhibit considerable initiative.

It is not enough that he should kiss the girl lightly on the lips occasionally. He should, for example, kiss her firmly on the ear if he can find it. The



Lips brushing lightly the back of the neck

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effect of lips brushing lightly the back of the neck is sometimes astonishing.

Frequently the male endeavours to achieve his aim by the bribery of present-giving. This is a mistake, not only on the grounds of it being a needless expense but because it violates a principle every man should uphold—to be loved for himself alone. In addition, it establishes a precedent which may prove uncomfortable in later days.

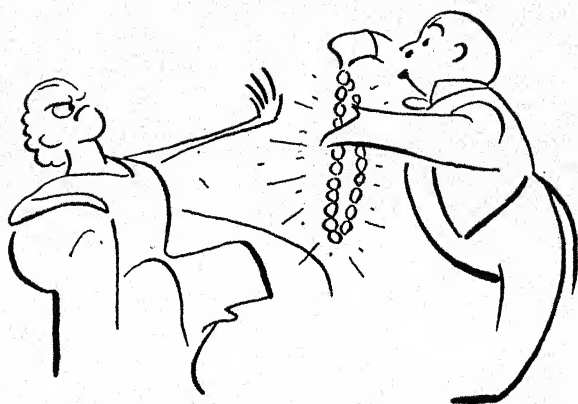
Certainly, however, the male should never be so foolish as to omit slight material courtesies, such as gifts of chocolates, flowers, or cigarettes, but gifts of any intrinsic value are apt to arouse in the recipient's mind either suspicion or too-fond hopes. The highly prized gift is rarely the most highly prized.

Consider the notorious case of the beautiful wicked lady who was continually surrounded by men seeking her favours. Jewels were showered upon her; all the luxurious vanities that the feminine heart desires; and yet her bounty was withheld from the suitors who thus lavished their wealth. But one day an admirer called on her to present her with a small bouquet of violets.

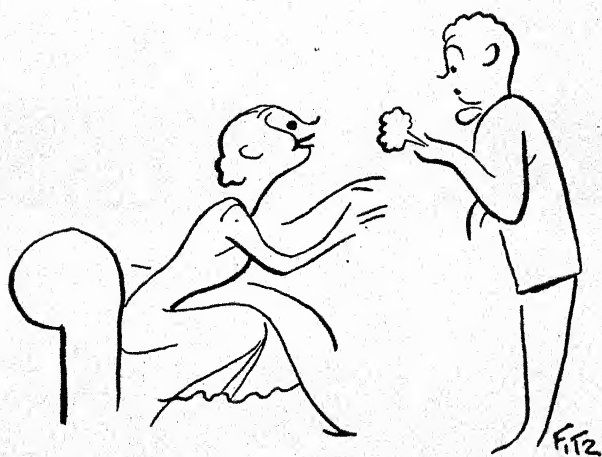
Tears sprang to the beautiful lady's eyes. She thanked her own particular god that she was deemed by one of her fellow-creatures not unworthy of such a gift. To the donor she offered in return herself and such remnants of heart as still were left her. The earnest student will find violets—in their season—at any street corner.

The element of surprise and the charm of the unexpected are the qualities the male should most strongly cultivate in his love-making. He will be overwhelmed by the richness of his reward; he will

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JEWELS



VIOLETS.

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experience the greatest joy the world has to offer ; and, should his feelings change, he will become involved in no breach-of-promise cases if he follows the Professor in the next lesson.





LESSON IV

CONSIDERING THE POSITION

THE precise details of courtship are too sacred and too secret to be dealt with in print. Courtship in a way is probationary matrimony, and as such its proceedings are clandestine.

But in every courtship there comes a period when the grave question has to be faced : is it advisable to continue beyond the probationary stage ?

The girl has to ask herself : Do I love this man well enough to give my life into his keeping, cook his meals, darn his socks, and sew on his buttons ? Is my love strong enough to withstand the discovery that he snores ; that he coughs for twenty minutes after rising, that he is prone to indigestion, that he wears a chest-protector, that the beast dotes on fried onions ? Will familiarity of him breed contempt in me ? With his hair disappearing and his temper gone, with an increased girth and a decreased mirth, will he awake in me the same pride of possession twenty years hence that he awakes in me now ? Can I, in short, take this man for better or worse ? Dare I risk it ?

If the answer is that even at his best he seems rather

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poor, the way lies clear. She must not marry him.

It may be that the man hasn't asked her to, in which case she can maintain the courtship in its present form, if all she desires is an escort to theatres and dances—a universal provider in the amusement line. When the more possible Mr. Right appears, she can then bring the courtship to an end, without in any way subjecting her conscience to unquiet twinges.

If, however, the answer to all the thrusting questions she poses herself is "Yes", and the man is still dumb on the subject of matrimony, it is her privilege and duty to move him to speech.

First, every girl should realize that there is no such thing as an incorrigible bachelor. The idea is one which has been invented by such males as would like to fill that role. Knowing their own innate weakness, they seek protection in a man-created fallacy.

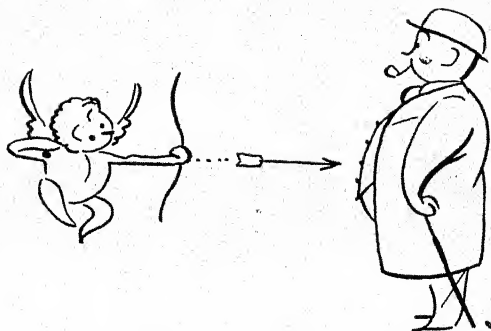


An incorrigible bachelor

No man breathes who is invulnerable to Cupid's dart. Everyone has his Achilles' heel, although anatomically it would seem to be displaced. For example, it may be in his stomach, as is suggested by the dictum to the effect that *via* that organ is the quickest way to a man's heart.

The female should consider this in her treatment of the laggard suitor. At the same time, she should exercise sufficient *finesse* to pander to the spiritual in him as well as to the material. She should, for example—and here is more valuable advice—subject him to the flattery of importance.

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The quickest way to a man's heart

The flattery of importance can be engendered in various ways. Perhaps the best way is for the girl to



Introduced to her family

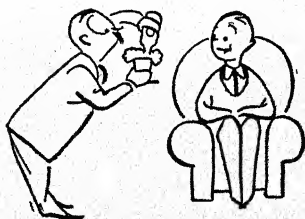
see that the man is speedily introduced to her family. Frequently it is fatal, of course, to extend such an invitation in any direct manner, but it is easy for the girl to arrange when the male calls one night to escort her to the theatre, that "Dad" should meet him by chance and make his acquaintance. She must always call the father "Dad", and occasionally "Daddy"—it suggests an affectionate domestic atmosphere, although probably he is a flatulent old curmudgeon.

If all goes well, the time eventually will come when one night the quarry leaves with a fair quantity of

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"Dad's" whisky in his interior and one of "Dad's" (best) cigars in his mouth. Mellow, he will reflect that in one quarter, at any rate, his true worth is at last recognized. Ignored all his life, here actually he is deferred to. At that precise moment "Dad", with a singular lack of deference, is cursing as he contemplates his depleted decanter, wondering ruefully how long the drain of his alcoholic resources will require to continue, and vowing that if things don't come to a head soon he'll get in a stock of cheaper cigars, anyhow.

Thus is the first seed of the flattery of importance sown. The male will be delighted at the courtesies extended to him in the home of his *inamorata*, and his natural conceit will not allow him to ascribe these courtesies to any ulterior motive. He will be quite convinced, in the glow of his easily acquired importance, that they are personal tributes to his charm. And he will only realize otherwise when he has acquired a mother-in-law and sampled "Dad's" temper.



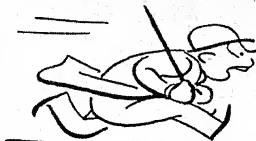
Will be delighted at the courtesies extended

When a father is not available to extend the necessary courtesies, the girl's brother should be persuaded to "do the honours". The great essential is: surround the suitor with the amenities of a patriarchy; treat him as "no common clay", and shower upon him the attentances of a well-organized household. Soon or later the thought will arise in his skull

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"Good lord, so this is marriage? How perpetually splendid!" The girl who thus "with pitfall and with gin besets the road he is to wander in" will in time duly collect her bag.

She may not be successful with the first "bag" she sets out to collect. She must be prepared to suffer a few disappointments. Quite incomprehensibly, the male may take to flight, leaving her with her



May take to flight

hopes dashed to the ground. Her enticements, maybe, have been too flagrantly displayed—or accidentally he may have overheard "Dad".

But there is no necessity for her to grow alarmed. The more practice she has in the art of wooing, the greater skill will she come to display, and she need have little fear she will ever be lacking in opportunities.

It is the foolish fear that she will be which goads many a woman into loveless and dangerous matrimony, so little aware is she of the fact that until she attains the age of thirty-eight her chances of becoming a wife are still quite good, as statistics prove. Women really begin to marry at seventeen and finish at thirty-eight, having equal immediate prospects of matrimony at these two ages. And nowadays there are few women alive who have had more than thirty-eight birthdays.

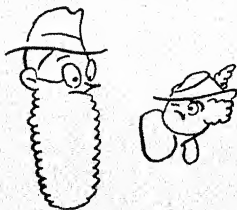
Other statistics issued by the Registrar-General are worth noting.

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The majority of women marry between nineteen and twenty-four, which means that the female should not tempt Providence by rushing through this period in five years. She should linger between these ages as long as she has the face—physically and morally—to do so. In any case, it is safe to assume that a large proportion of the brides who provided the Registrar-General with these particular statistics returned their years on their marriage certificates at less than they really were. Even the most truthful woman considers it no crime to lie low when anyone wants to discover her age.

Obviously, therefore, the age-factor in the case of the female need not be too rigorously regarded in examining her opportunities of marriage. It is more important from this point of view to regard the age-factor in the case of the male.

Most men marry between twenty-one and twenty-eight. After the latter age they are decidedly less susceptible to Hymen's call ; and although a woman still has chances of receiving a proposal at thirty-eight a man is practically safe from having to make one after he has passed the age of thirty.



Practically safe



No crime to lie

As far as the female is concerned, the moral is obvious. She should endeavour to select her suitors from the ranks of the comparatively youthful, if marriage is her object. If

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amusement is all she asks for, the middle-aged man is better able to supply it. He has supplied it so often before.

The Professor's main purpose in setting out the foregoing figures, however, is to show the female that she should never allow the fear of perpetual spinsterhood to affect her consideration of the suitability of any particular suitor. If there is doubt in her mind as to the prospects of a happy marriage with him, she should definitely dismiss contemplation of it.

As with the female, so with the male. There comes a period in his courtship when he has to ask himself: "Will my love for this girl survive the closer intimacies of married life? Will custom stale her infinite variety, will I have the courage and the happiness to find pleasure in her till death us do part, or am I in truth enamoured of an illusion?"

These questions he must himself answer. He should consider them squarely, remembering at the same time that early ambitions should not reach too far. He should not be turned aside from his ultimate intention by any ex-



Consider them squarely

traneous advice, but should act entirely on his own initiative.

There was once a man who found himself involved in intimacy with a girl who could never have hoped to win even an honourable mention in a beauty competition. She was, in short, deplorably ill-favoured, despite her kind heart and other good qualities. At a certain stage in the courtship the man came to

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realize this fact, and accordingly decided to retire permanently from her presence.

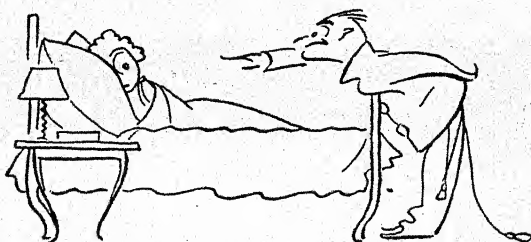
Unfortunately he confided this intention to some of his friends—bachelors all—and they immediately told him not to be a fool. They implied that he was relinquishing a treasure of great worth.

"But she's very ugly," he pointed out.

"Hang it, man," they replied indignantly, "what does that matter? Look what a beautiful singer she is, for one thing."

So in due course the marriage was arranged and celebrated. On the morning after the wedding, the man woke up and saw his wife's head on the pillow beside him. The cold hard light of early morning streamed through the windows.

He surveyed her for a space and then shook her urgently. "For heaven's sake," he begged—"for heaven's sake sing."



"For heaven's sake sing!"

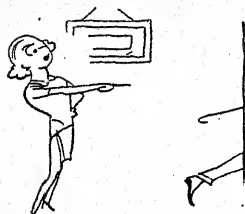
The Professor would warn the student, then, not to pay too much respect to the advice of friends.

To proceed with the lesson. Should the male decide after due consideration to seek fresh material on which to practise his love-making, it behoves

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

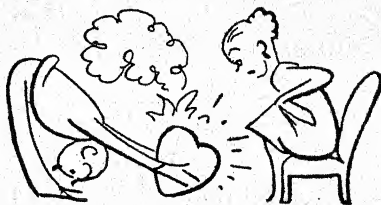
him to be off with the old love before he is on with the new. It is the manlier way—and it is the safer.

In most cases it will suffice for the male to grow colder by degrees in his love-making. The female, if she has the usual pride of her sex, will soon present him with his *congé*. If she withholds it, he must take it without her consent. Doing so will possibly make him feel a bit of a pig, and no doubt he is, but it is necessary to "go the whole hog" at times, as the immoralist knew who coined the dictum that all's fair in love and war.



His congé

On the other hand, should it happen that the male is convinced he has found his one true love, that this girl is sun, moon, and stars to him, he should waste no further time in gentle dalliance, but should lay his heart at his fair one's feet.

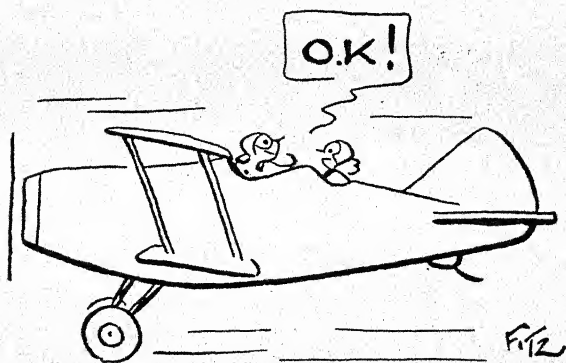
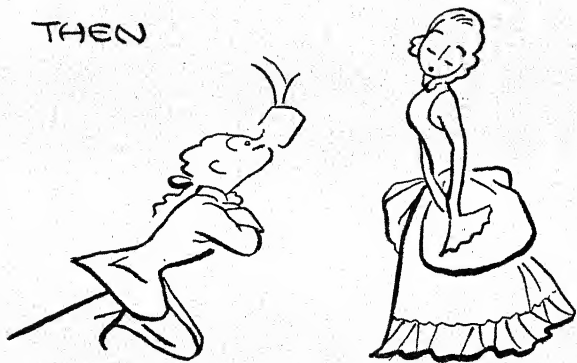


His heart at his fair one's feet

That is, he should declare his affection and ask the girl to become his wife. There is nothing like an engagement for providing opportunities to practise love-making ; it depopulates the world of possible

HOW TO MAKE LOVE
THE PROPOSAL

THEN



NOW

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

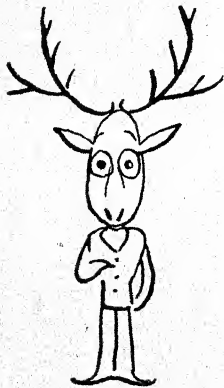
rivals, bestows upon the lovers a feeling of security leading to greater freedom of action—permits them, in fact, a licence almost equivalent to the marriage licence.

Exactly how to “pop the question” is a detail of small importance. The male may put it quite simply: “What about it, old thing?”—and receive as affectionate a response as if he had framed the important query in words of Sapphic ardour. He may say equally simply: “Let’s get married,” and receive the irresponsible reply: “Shall us? Let’s!” But he should never be quite so nonchalant as one suitor of the Professor’s acquaintance, who remarked: “Doesn’t this weather get on one’s nerves? Let’s get hitched up to relieve the monotony.”

The Professor hopes that his students of both sexes who have put into practice the precepts he has so far given will find themselves possessed of the material

they desire. He hopes every male has “the best girl in the world”, and every female a man who’s “a perfect dear”. He hopes all are convinced they have found the nearest possible approach to their affinity, and feel it as certain as the coming of night that they will live “happy ever after”.

But alas! It is possible to believe these things sincerely, yet discover a short time later that they have become absolutely incredible. It is a

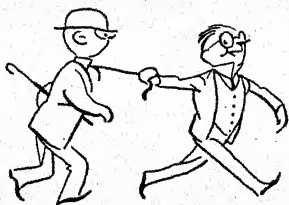


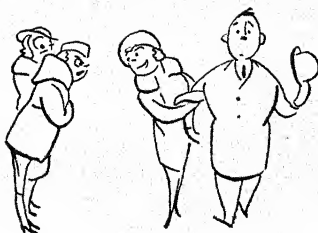
A perfect dear

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

discovery perhaps fraught with peril and pain, but it is not impossible to obviate both.

The Professor will show incidentally in the next lesson how it may be done.





LESSON V

DEALING WITH THE POSITION

THE peacock spreading his tail does not exhibit more pride than a girl engaged to the man she loves. She is her lord's anointed—one of the Chosen. For those of the sex still unchosen there wells up in her heart a comprehensive pity, tinged with triumph and, yes, a slight contempt. They are the non-elect—the novices. "What do they know of mankind who only mankind know?" The unattached girl studies men in general, the engaged girl man in particular. She is a specialist, the others are mere general practitioners.

Accordingly, she is happy. She believes that her *fiancé* has been pursued and wooed by designing females ever since he attained marriageable age, yet she it is who has secured the prize. He has hinted sorrowfully at the murkiness of his past, and outwardly she has registered noble grief and resignation. Inwardly, although his appearance would make a monkey stop scratching, she has thrilled at the thought that she has tamed a Perfect Devil. Mentally

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she thanks the God of Love for sending her an expert, and thinks forward to the delicious confidences that will be exchanged during the intimacies of their future live.



Thanks the God of Love

The man, too, is happy. He is happy in the knowledge that a member of the opposite sex is so much in love with him as to think he is an extraordinary fine fellow, a combination of Sir Galahad and a matinée



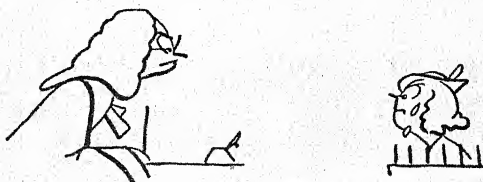
Sir Galahad

idol. It is all very thrilling, and he finds himself noticing intimately the curves of her body, the sparkle of her eyes, the allure of her movements. "Good heavens," he thinks, "this is all mine!"

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Unhappily, the ecstasy is not invariably maintained. However it may come about—and this is outside the Professor's province in the present instance—it frequently does happen that the man who thought his love for this particular girl was for all time discovers rather it was for no time at all. Or it may be the girl who makes this discovery as to her love for the man.

In her case the consequences of the action she must take are generally slight. She must, of course, tell the man that their engagement has been a mistake—she does not love him as she thought she did. She can promise to be a sister to him if she wants to be particularly brutal and make the break decisive. What the man does thereafter is no concern of hers except as his behaviour may affect her vanity, for although cases have been known in which the male



The male has sued for breach of promise

has sued for breach of promise, these cases have been so infrequent they hardly merit consideration.

Further, there are few men nowadays so foolish as to die for the love of a ladye. Suicide is but rarely the refuge of the disappointed man. He no longer even goes big-game shooting or sails away into the setting sun as he once was wont to do ; rather he knows that as a cure for one woman there's nothing

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

like another. Likewise the tragically illustrious gesture of smiting the forehead is dying out, even on the stage.

So the female need worry herself but slightly when she is faced with the necessity of breaking off an engagement. She must just break it off, and if there's any worrying to be done, let her former *fiancé* do it all.

And him the Professor would counsel to display a Spartan fortitude.

He should accept his dismissal light-heartedly, asking at the first opportunity if he may have his letters returned to him, since there's some good material in them he might use again.

At the same time he should exhibit a manly magnanimity by telling the lady she can keep his presents if she desires. It is expressing a petty spitefulness and a meanness of soul to demand the return of material gifts.

When it is the male who desires to break off an engagement, however, the procedure has to be very carefully considered. The Noble Method of breaking it off may be fraught with such peril that he may be forced to pursue the Sordid. On the accuracy of his analysis of his *fiancée's* character a great deal depends.

Is the girl in question of the modest, patient type who will suffer in silence, or is she of the type who will proclaim her sufferings from the housetops if there is something to be gained thereby, or complain to athletic and unreasonable relatives who may proceed to violence? This is what he has to ponder.



Lightheartedly

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*Proclaim her sufferings from the
house-tops*

In most engagements it is usual for both parties heroically to discuss the possibility of each other's waning affections. "Should you ever find that you do not love me, George," the girl will declare, "I hope you will tell me. I will give you your freedom gladly. Your happiness is my one desire."

"Sweetheart," George will reply fervently, as he sits closer and takes a fresh grip, "how little you realize the depth of my love! But should it happen that you, now, find someone whom you love more than you love me . . ."

But such protestations do not hold good in a court of law. George should remember that. He should have a better reason than this verbal arrangement for deciding upon the Noble Method of ending his love compact.

The Professor will suppose he *has* a better reason. His course then is clear.

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With all the delicacy he can command he should make apparent his waning interest in her—he should reveal that all thought of the approaching marriage has become distasteful to him. Almost inevitably the girl herself will break off the engagement. In decency the male should give her the opportunity to do so, and thus save her from possible humiliation.

If it happens, however, that she refuses to accept the opportunity offered, he must eventually explain to her—in writing, if he is sure he has read her character correctly—that never has he suffered such agonies as he is suffering now. During the past few weeks he has discovered to his grief that his feelings towards her have undergone a complete change, and in these circumstances he feels their marriage would be a grave mistake.



In writing

"Need I say how sorry I am? Need I say how fully I realize how unworthy I have proved of the affection you have bestowed on me?"

He needn't, but he might as well—it reads nicely. . . .

It is when man pursues the Noble Method that he is the biggest cad. That he does pursue the Noble Method is evidence that the girl is a decent sort, and it is a pity the break has proved necessary. Since the girl is a decent sort, however, she will have very little difficulty in securing another *fiancé*.

Apropos, there is one type of male the Professor would like to explain to his female students, that they may be on their guard against him. He is a good fellow and as tragic a figure as the legendary Wandering

HOW TO MAKE LOVE



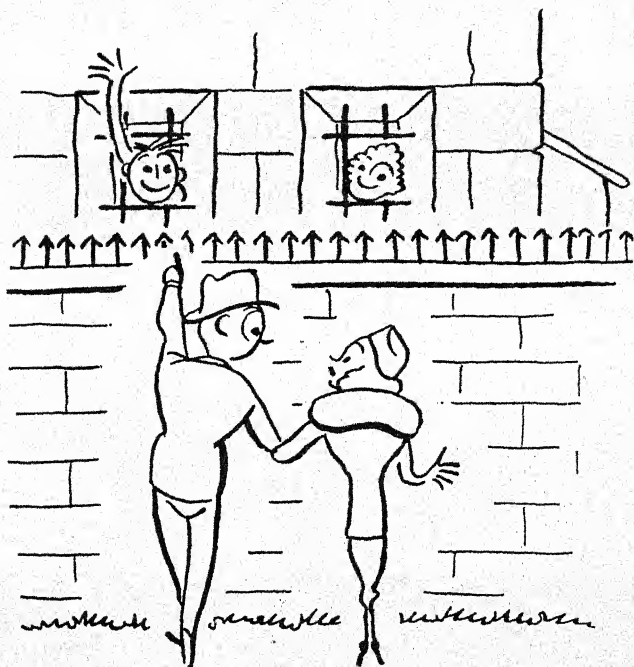
Securing another fiancé

Jew. Literally, he is the constant lover who finds to his own grief and dismay that his love is continually changing its bodily habitation. His love is constant—but it is never fixed on the same object. Accordingly, he is more interesting as someone else's husband.

Returning to the case of the male who decides that it is the Sordid Method of breaking off an engagement which he must pursue if he is to escape publicity and its associate unpleasantness, his plan is, of course, to convince his *fiancée* of his unsuitability as a husband. Naturally, however, he must not permit her to think he is trying to do so. There are various measures he can adopt.

He may, for example, make frequent innocent allusions to the dread diseases to which he is hereditarily inclined. An accidental disclosure that he has two uncles and an aunt in lunatic asylums may work wonders. With the assistance of a piece of soap he may even have an apoplectic seizure in her presence, if drastic measures prove to be necessary.

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Two uncles and an aunt in lunatic asylums

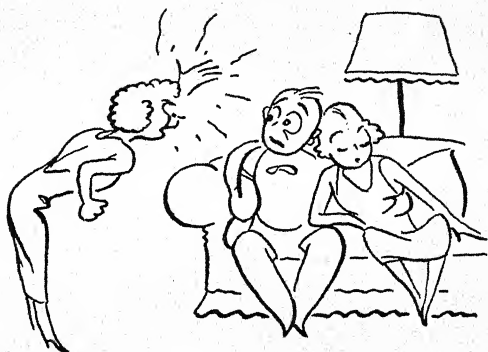
Or, if his *fiancée* is opposed to drinking, he may call upon her repeatedly "the worse for wear". In this condition it is conceivable he may improve the market by inquiring in a thoughtful tone: "I wonder if you'll grow to be like your mother."

In brief, whatever failing his *fiancée* most despises, that failing he must as assiduously assume and cultivate. Here, again, of course, the male must be sure of his ground.

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There was once a young man who approached a friend for advice in this connection.

"I want to break it off between Betty and me," he said. "I've realized we're not suited to each other. She's fond of none of the things I'm fond of—we've



"She's fond of none of the things I'm fond of!"

no tastes in common, and in addition she's so proper and so priggish she bores me stiff. But I daren't break with her too obviously; the move must come from her side. I wonder . . ."

And when he had completed his wondering his friend spoke. "If she's so proper and priggish, why not transgress that way? Make some very daring advances next time you're with her, and when she cuts up rough display no penitence. Let her assume that you're the complete libertine."

Not long after the two friends met again. "You still look glum," said the one who had given the advice. "Haven't you been able to break with Betty?"

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"No, I haven't, and now I don't think I can."

"How's that? Didn't you try the stunt I suggested?"

"I did. I made those very daring advances you spoke about—and heavens, man, she rose to them like a bird! 'Darling,' she said, 'you *have* been slow!'"

Such a misreading of character would deprive any man of success in his aim, but success is easily attainable if this primary mistake is avoided and if the general hints which have been given are carefully followed. More detailed instructions on this subject of avoiding breach-of-promise cases would be out of place in a manual on how to make love, so the Professor willingly returns to the couple whose two hearts still continue to beat as one.

There will be occasions, of course, when one or other heart will fail to synchronize in its beating for a period. That it should be otherwise is too much to expect of human nature.

Even the fondest lovers will experience disturbing quarrels. Usually these arise from jealousy.

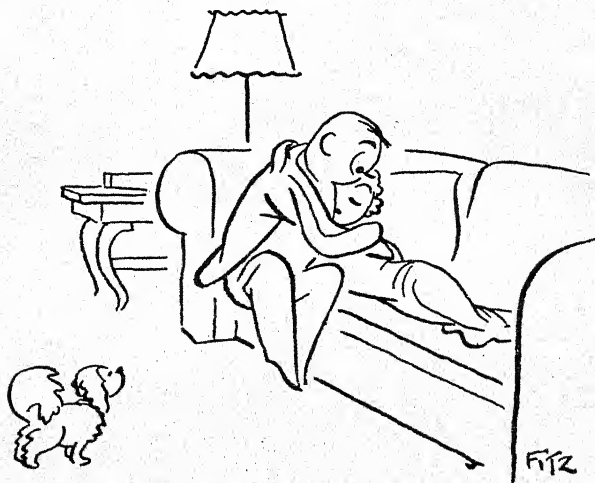
It may be that the girl will observe thoughtfully of another man, "He's got wonderful eyes." Or the man will observe ecstatically of another girl, "She's got such a pretty face!" In each case there will come the response: "*That* damn' fool," or, "*That* girl! Why . . ." And so it begins.

But "sweet is pleasure after pain". The delights of reconciliation are beyond all other delights of courtship, for emotion divests lovers of all self-consciousness, enabling them to tell love-lies with more than their customary facility. Indeed, some girls frequently engineer a quarrel so that it may have a sequel in reconciliation's delights.

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SWEET IS PLEASURE



AFTER PAIN

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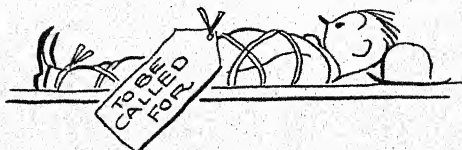
Regarding jealousy, it is well for students to realize that the extent of a person's jealousy is generally a fair measure of his or her own frailty. There is nobody with more jealousy in his or her composition than the philanderer and the flirt. The



Philanderer, flirt

man who hankers for strange fruits credits his *fiancée* with similar desires ; while she reveals the potential roving nature of her affections by believing his to be of a like quality. Both are self-conscious, and therefore suspicious.

However, there is no more effective cure for jealousy in its sharper form than marriage, so the vice need not be too seriously condemned. As the day for celebrating the marriage grows nearer, too, the man will find he becomes of less account. He is relegated to the position of a parcel left to be called

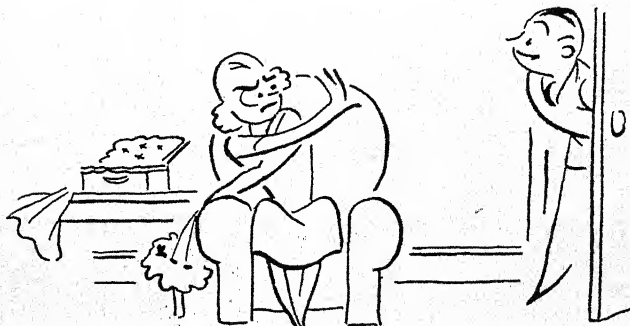


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for, while his *fiancée* turns her mind and energies to matters of immediate moment.

For in the weeks preceding the wedding-day she will be busy every minute of each day in occupations ranging from the making of innumerable sets of "undies" to the perusal of the illuminating works of Dr. Stopes. Only at rare intervals can she give her undivided attention to her lover.

It is of little use for the male to remonstrate and beg her to desist from her apparently interminable sewing. "But, dearest," the female will explain,



Apparently interminable sewing

"our wedding's in three weeks, and I haven't a single thing to wear!"

An appropriate reply may suggest itself, but it should stop at that. Even between an engaged couple the proprieties must be observed.

There is really nothing for the male to do but reconcile himself to glorious anticipation. When he is not engaged anticipating, he should spend his

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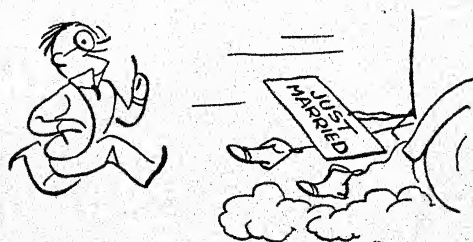
leisure saying good-bye to the friends of his bachelorhood.



Saying good-bye to the friends of his bachelorhood

With the actual arranging of the marriage he will have little concern. The question of the time and place may be left to the girl, who will duly consider such superstitions as the one to the effect that it is unlucky to be married on a Friday. In reality, of course, it doesn't matter what day it is. . . .

With the protagonists of his romance now bound in holy wedlock, the Professor, if he may, will accompany them on their honeymoon in the next lesson. But there is no cause for alarm. He will be duly decorous and circumspect, lending his aid in theory only.





LESSON VI

FILLING THE POSITION

He : "Darling !"

She : "What, darling ?"

He : "Nothing, darling—just darling, darling !"

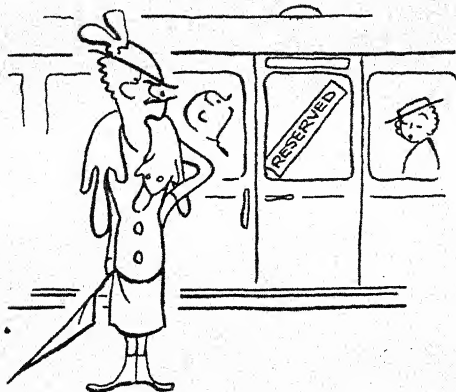
IN this conversation *Punch* has epitomized the average honeymoon. Both parties to it become slightly insane.

They have been spending their immediate nights and days in fascinating discovery, and are thrilled by the audacity of it all. To the honeymoon couple, R. L. Stevenson's definition of marriage seems particularly applicable : "Friendship legalized by the police."

There are some people who contend that observance of the honeymoon is a mistake, since it throws a dangerous veil of illusion over the realities of married life. The Professor himself is of the opinion that ideally the honeymoon should be deferred until some months after marriage, until husband and wife have outgrown their initial feeling of strangeness in each other's constant company, but he realizes that such

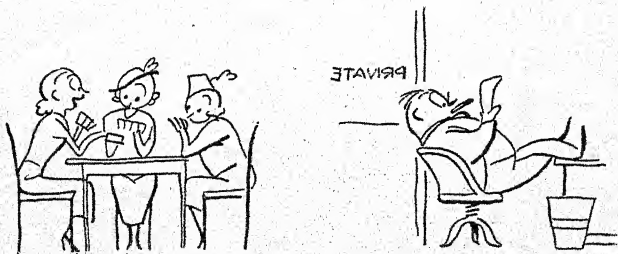
HOW TO MAKE LOVE

an ideal is in most cases impracticable. Certainly he would never lend himself to any decisive discouragement of the honeymoon, whose rabid critics are nearly always soured spinsters and disgruntled bachelors who



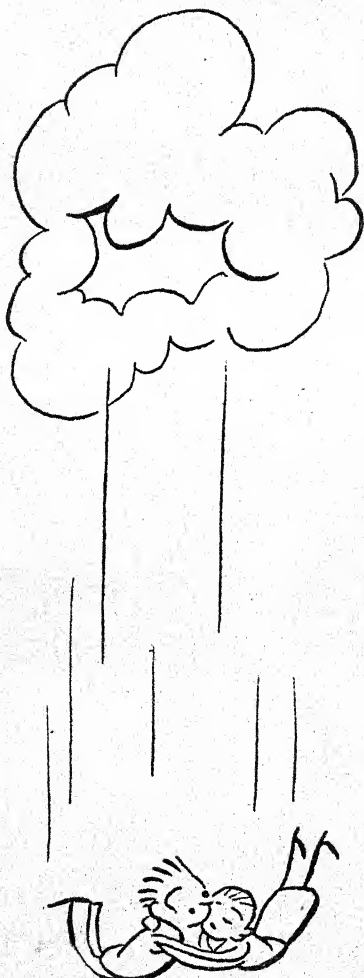
Soured spinsters

wish to boo and kill the bill and coo. They hold it is not good for a man and woman to live for a fortnight or a month in a state of make-believe, and make-believe they declare all honeymoons to be.



Drab days of workaday existence

HOW TO MAKE LOVE



Return to earth

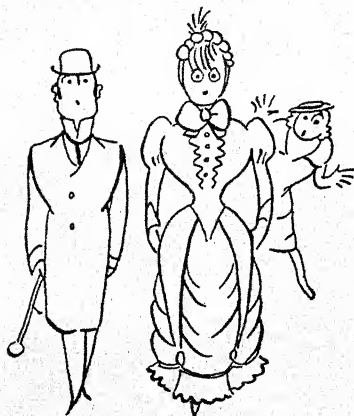
The Professor replies that these people are false counsellors. It is easy to follow their train of thought. Matrimony is such a perilous venture, they contend, it is dangerous to permit such a contrast as will be afforded by the luxurious days of the honeymoon and the drab days of workaday existence. But it will be noticed that they pessimistically postulate that the days of workaday existence will be drab. What nonsense this will seem to students of the Professor's teachings!

For courtship and the recital of sweet nothings must not cease with the honeymoon. Love must not depart with the lovers' return to earth. Love must

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not end because married life has begun. As a French wit has said : "Married love is *bizarre*, but it is not forbidden."

So a joyous honeymoon should be the aim of all lovers—a honeymoon as long as the domestic purse can afford, but not so long that the bride's travelling-costume is out of fashion before the honeymoon is over.



Bride's travelling-costume is out of fashion

Then, when it is over, the real test begins. The reward of passing it with flying colours is such that it is well worth striving for. Ideally, the best way for a husband and wife to keep each other's love is for them to employ the tactics employed during courtship. Unfortunately, human nature and domestic complications render this impracticable. Love's artifice soon wears thin with usage. It is ordained that a man who sees a woman in her night-

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

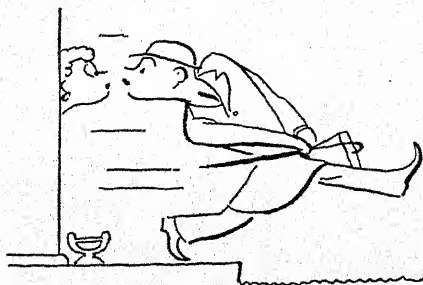


A man in his pyjamas

dress, and a woman who sees a man in his pyjamas, both should realize the mutability of human emotions.

On the other hand, the married state provides circumstances non-existent in courtship, and these, manipulated intelligently, will serve to make the new conditions which have arisen capable of a favourable turn.

The male, in his new relationship with the woman of his choice, has many opportunities where hitherto there were none for adding to her enjoyment of life. The attentions which delighted her during his courtship can be repeated in a fashion that by reason of its intimate nature will render them all the more attractive to her. And he should remember that—trite, but truly—it is the little things which count. He should never



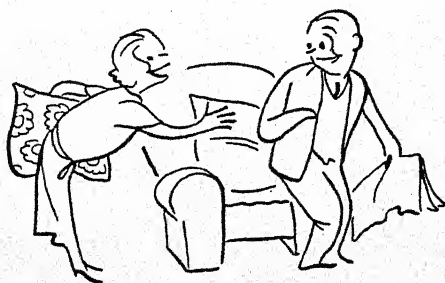
Good-bye kiss

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

forget the "Hello" and the "Good-bye" kiss, even although he has long since grown accustomed to the taste.

He should continue to pay her compliments, hackneyed though they may become, couching them so that he conveys the impression that he finds her every day and in every way growing prettier and prettier—and if he conveys the impression strongly enough she almost certainly will.

On her side, the wife should strain every nerve to make her husband contented with his lot. She must



Make her husband contented with his lot

perform miracles daily to restrain him from lamenting his lost liberty.

In this connection one thing is essential: she must take care that she is always more to him than a wife.

It is related that Disraeli returned one early morning from the House of Commons, tired in body and spirit. When he arrived at his home he found a charming repast waiting for him, prepared by his wife's own hands. She was not yet abed, but,

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fragrant and gracious, had stayed up to welcome her lord.

Disraeli kissed her, and paid her the rare compliment: "You are more to me than a wife; you are wife and mistress in one."

That is what every woman should endeavour to be to her husband. It makes life less expensive for him and more enjoyable for her.



A strain of hypocrisy in the people of these islands

There is a strain of hypocrisy in the people of these islands which has made the term mistress an opprobrious one. The average wife is so proud of her wifehood that she maintains its dignity even in the double bed which symbolizes matrimony's chief purpose.

By this wifely demeanour the average husband is forced to conform to type. Respected, respectable, and accordingly dull in his own house, he is naughty,

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enterprising, and consequently amusing in the home of any lady who is not his wife. Like the Roman emperors who were wont to dismiss their



Dismiss their better halves from an orgy

better halves from an orgy once the real fun began, allowing, however, their concubines to remain, the average mishandled husband is gallantly determined to observe matrimonial proprieties.

The wise wife will not permit her husband to be a prig at home and a roué abroad. If she sees to it that he is not a prig at home, it is most likely that the other part of the corollary will be duly negated.

She should never show herself suspicious of his movements. She should at least appear to trust him, when he will be forced to return the compliment—which may prove of great use to her.

In the home the wife should never allow herself to become slovenly. The Professor would beg her to remember that the picture she presents to her husband across the breakfast-table will be the one he will carry with him throughout the day. It is important that he should find pleasure in carrying it.

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Across the breakfast-table

She should be tidy in every respect. The ideal wife knows where everything is kept except her husband's late hours.

There is a grave tendency on the part of a wife to degenerate into a type. The Professor would particularly warn her against this.

She may become the Fussy Wife, the Querulous Wife, the Giddy Wife, the Insignificant Wife, the Resigned Wife, the Wife with a Grievance, the Wife with a Mother. All these types, and a dozen more the Professor could name, are more or less obnoxious.

The Fussy Wife is always telling her husband not to do that or asking him why he doesn't do this. To live with her is as disturbing as it is to live on the brink of an erupting volcano.

The Querulous Wife is the greatest enemy Temperance reformers possess. Job's lamentations were merry quips compared with those she utters daily for no other reason than that she aspires to martyrdom.

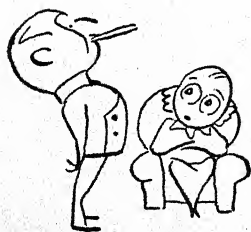
HOW TO MAKE LOVE



THE QUERULOUS
WIFE



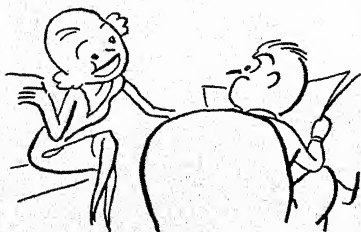
THE FUSSY
WIFE



THE INSIGNIFICANT
WIFE



THE RESIGNED
WIFE

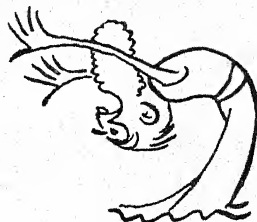


THE GIDDY
WIFE



THE WIFE WITH
A MOTHER

HOW TO MAKE LOVE



Job's lamentations

The only thing for the husband to do with her is to help her to achieve her aspiration.

The Giddy Wife is an appalling spectacle and an abomination auricularly. She looks mush and talks gush, yet, unfortunately, is too old for spanking.

There is only one cure—a large family.



A large family

As for the other types, their faults could be similarly detailed. Enough has been said, however, to provide the sensible wife with an indication of the dangers that lie before a too intensive cultivation of her own personality.

Husbands likewise are prone to run to type.

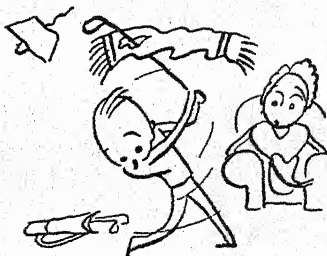
There is the Patronizing Husband, who can never forget he was born a man, and who unaccountably is proud of the fact. His consistent attitude is akin to that of the Greek philosopher who believed

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THE GARRULOUS HUSBAND



THE GOLFING HUSBAND



THE HUSBAND WITH A HOBBY



THE HUSBAND WITHOUT ONE



THE UNRESPONSIVE HUSBAND



AND THE TOO RESPONSIVE ONE!

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that all had been said of a woman when he had stated, "She is a woman." He is irritatingly tolerant, and the only way to bring him to his senses is for his wife to take full advantage of his tolerance.

Again, although the majority of husbands are more



*More chinned against than
chinning*



chinned against than chinning, there occasionally arises the Garrulous Husband. He is a talking encyclopaedia, and daily reduces his wife to the "I could scream" state. She should scream, and startle him

into silence.

"Isn't it strange," said one of this type expansively at the breakfast-table, as he scanned the picture of a wedding-group in his newspaper, "how, almost invariably, plain, insignificant men acquire handsome wives?"

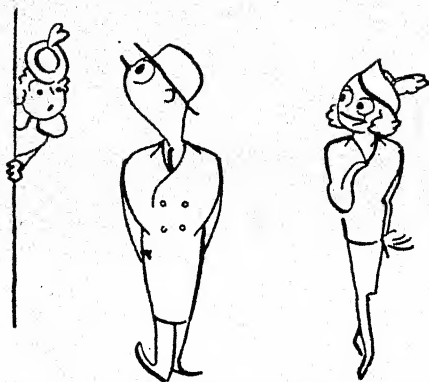
"Oh, my dear," said his wife, "you're really too modest."

A husband should also guard against his degenerating into the Married Man type. "He looks like a married man" is no idle phrase, but is based upon reality. It is really true that many a young man married is a young man marred, his very appearance altering once he has altered his social state. He no longer casts around him a carefree roving eye, regaling it honourably with such visions of feminine beauty as it may light upon in his walk through life. He becomes so sensible of Mrs. Grundy that he considers her in a quite insensible way.



*Looks like a
married man*

HOW TO MAKE LOVE



To look at a pretty girl

He is afraid to look at a pretty girl lest someone should see him looking and report the occurrence at domestic headquarters. So in time his glances grow furtive, and his countenance acquires lugubrious lines.

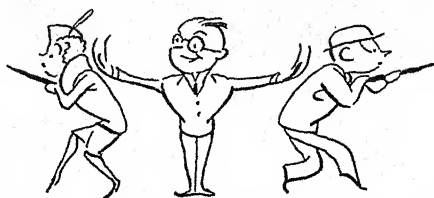
Now, this is foolishly unnecessary. The married man is in honour bound to fulfil his marriage vows, but he should not come to regard this as a difficult task. He should, rather, delight in it. If he imposes upon himself all the conditions of captivity, however, the delight will evade him, and he may one day feel constrained to break his bonds, with disastrous results. He must be pleased that he loves his wife, not annoyed that he does so ; and, loving her, he need fear neither for himself nor for her that his interests do not end there.

Marriage, as Peter Pan says of Death, is "an awfully big adventure", even although it hasn't quite Death's appalling permanency. What was frequently said of

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

the Great War might be fittingly applied : "The first seven years are the worst."

With this the Professor will dismiss his students, extending to them the jungle greeting, "Good hunting !" as he does so. He is sure that such of



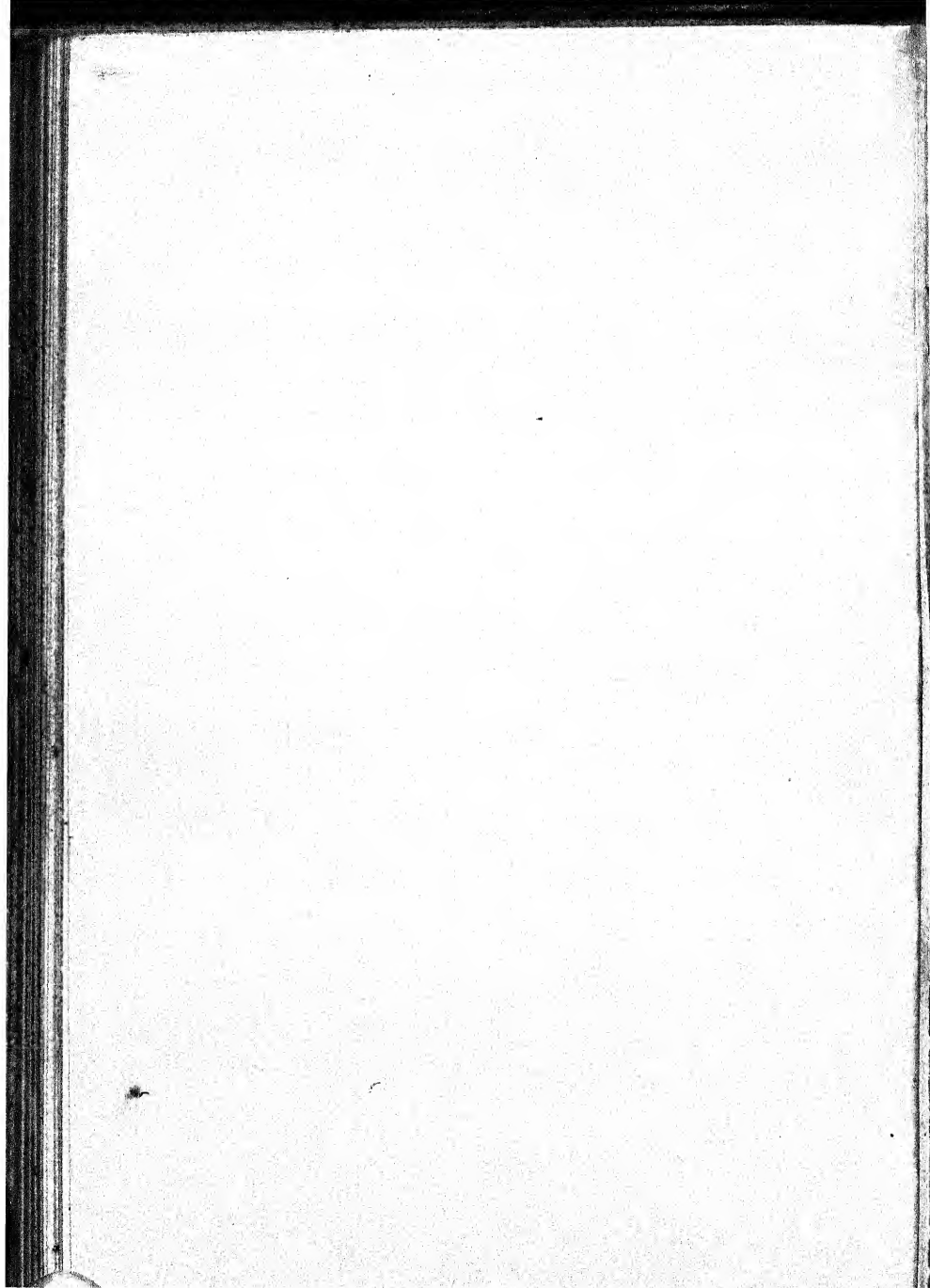
Good hunting

them as carefully follow his tuition will prosper in their fond adventures ; but at the same time he would point out reluctantly but firmly that any who do not prosper cannot have their money back.

THE END



AUF WIEDERSEHEN,
MY DEARS!



JUST OUT

A laugh in every "line"

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